as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

Stafford. O monstrous simplicitie.

Cade. And tell him, weele haue the Lorde Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene maimde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Stafford. As how I prethie?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answere me to that.

Stafford. Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Stafford. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

Exet Stafford and his men.

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

Exet omnes.

Alarums to the battaile, and sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine. Then enter Iacke Cade againe and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valianly,
And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house.
And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week.
Drumme strike vp, for now weele march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

Exet omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of *Suffolkes* head, and the Lord *Say*, with others.

King.

King. Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother is slaine,
And the Rebels march amaine to London,
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe.
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered
Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge,
Calling your grace an vsurper,
And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne
To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster,
Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather
An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebell Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therfore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go.

Exet omnes.

Enter the Lord *Skayles* vpon the Tower walles walking.
Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1. *Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,